

baby, I'm speeding (and red lights I'll run) by neonlaynes (Koru)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

After Steve confides that he sleeps easier when Billy is with him, Billy takes every chance that he could to stay over at the Harrington residence.

It's *not* because Billy feels a strange satisfaction at being a source of comfort for the other boy, and *also* not because he needs this just as much as Steve does.

"Don't go thinking that this is gonna be permanent," he tells Steve each time.

Steve would knowingly hold Billy's gaze, chuckling.

"I know," he replies.

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Author's Note:

Since ST hasn't blessed us with the gift that is character birthdays(yet..YET), both of them are 18 at the time of this happening as they are several weeks, if Not Months, into the relationship. Un-beta'd, so like...all mistakes....Absolutely a result of my late night keysmashes. Title from Making the Most of the Night by Carly Rae Jepsen.

Steve had asked him to come over again on Saturday night.

“Just us hanging out as usual, you know,” Steve explained.

Billy did know; he had already lost count of the times that he found himself at Steve's home. At this point, he wouldn't consider his time spent with Steve as *just* hanging out, but they had also never put a name to what it was they were doing.

So, “hanging out” it was.

It wasn't until several weeks in that they began to do more than watch TV and discussing their music tastes, and started moving their activities into the bedroom.

This time, Billy stops by the general store, purchasing a box of mixed condoms and a bottle of lube, before heading over.

Billy lets himself into the house with the spare key that Steve gave him when whatever this thing they had going on between them started. He had taken it with an air of reluctance and hesitation then, and Steve had noticed.

“Hey, I trust you, and you're welcome here any time you need,” Steve assured him.

“That's not it,” Billy thought.

“I trust you too,” Billy thought.

"I just don't trust *myself*," Billy thought.

He also didn't tell him that he couldn't *exactly* bring the key home, in fear of Neil potentially discovering it and asking questions that Billy *knows* he can't bring himself to answer with lies. He'd be denying himself one of the *only* spaces of happiness that he managed to carve out in this bleak and dreary town. So he had nodded, and when Steve closed the door, he looked around and buried the key in an inconspicuous spot in the brush outside the Harrington residence.

He shuts the door a little too hard, and when the sound echoes throughout, Billy is reminded of how utterly lonely the house is every time he comes over. He knows that Steve invites him over only when his parents aren't present, but at the rate they've been seeing each other, Billy's starting to wonder if Steve's parents even realize they have a *son* waiting at home for them.

Before he reaches the base of the stairs, he hears Steve's voice coming faintly from his bedroom.

"If it's who I think it is, I hope you restocked on those supplies," Steve exclaims.

"No, Harrington, it's your father, *for once*," Billy retorts.

He hears Steve choke out a laugh as he rushes up the stairs and catches himself before a smile breaks out on his face as well. Leaning against the headboard, Steve is already bare and half hard; Billy can feel his own bulge swelling against his pants.

"*Someone's* excited," Billy taunts.

"Could say the-- same about *you*," Steve breathes.

Making his way over, Billy tears open the package of condoms, places it on Steve's bedside drawer, and takes out one large packet, proceeding to rip the edge with his teeth.

"Got the variety pack this time," he says.

"Yeah, and it's *your* turn first, judging from the condom you grabbed," Steve replies.

“Glad to *volunteer*,” Billy grins as he rolls the condom over Steve’s dick.

Steve swallows as Billy slips out of his clothes and starts straddling him on the bed.

“Wait, please tell me you prepared before coming over,” Steve mumbled.

Billy sits down so that Steve’s dick rests against the cleft of his ass and fixes Steve with an *extremely* pointed look.

“You *really* think I’m gonna let my ass wrecked like that? I know what we’re doing,” Billy remarks.

Steve puts his hands up in mock surrender and smiles sheepishly at him.

“Just checking in, man,” he adds.

Billy rolls his eyes and adjusts Steve’s dick before sinking down completely, eliciting hoarse moans from both of them. They remain still for a moment, breathing hot and staring into each other’s eyes. Billy breaks the silence first.

“Well, either *you* move or *I* move, otherwise we’ll be here forever,” he quips.

Steve braces his hands on Billy’s hips with a firm and steady grip and thrusts up, setting a moderate pace.

Billy lets Steve take the reins for a while, then Billy’s taking his own dick in hand and pumping along with the rhythm that Steve has set and grinds down with fervor. They come at nearly the same time, Billy’s release hitting their stomachs and Steve’s filling up the condom. Billy absentmindedly wonders how it would feel if they did it bareback, and files that thought away for another day. He slowly begins to lift off of Steve, pleasure still buzzing through his veins.

“You got another one in you?” Billy nudges.

Taking labored breaths, Steve takes off the condom once he’s

completely unsheathed, and ties it up, tossing it into the trash can beside his bed.

“Kinda sounds like you wanna go *again*,” Steve smirks.

“*Yeah*, but this time *I* fuck you,” Billy returns.

“See, you make it sound as if that’s a *deal-breaker*, when we both agreed to this,” Steve snorts.

Steve flips around so that he’s lying chest down on the bed, arms under his head and ass slightly angled up.

“I didn’t prepare myself like you did, so you might have to do a little more work,” he admits, turning his head at Billy.

Billy smiles something wicked and wide.

“Oh, it’ll be my *pleasure*,” he practically croons.

Steve taps out after they go at it several times throughout the night, and buries his face into the pillow.

“Fuck, I think I’m completely spent, I seriously can’t take any more rounds,” Steve wheezes.

“We – You’re gonna have to do something about that *endurance* of yours later,” Billy laughs as he pulls out.

“Yeah, yeah, we’ll get there,” Steve grumbles.

Billy removes the used condom and disposes of it immediately, returning to his position lying above Steve.

In the haze of post-coital bliss, Billy takes his time singing soundless praise along the lines of Steve’s lithe form. His hands glide, reverent, over the dips and arches of Steve’s frame, exploring, memorizing, and worshiping *every* inch. Billy finds every mole that adorns his body, taking his time and placing a light kiss to each.

When Billy is finished, Steve turns to face him with a smile, asking him which mole is his favorite.

"I don't have a favorite," Billy responds.

"You spend so *long* on my moles, you *gotta* have a favorite one," Steve insists.

"I *don't*," Billy affirms.

"*Liar*," Steve teases.

"I don't have a favorite because I love all of them," Billy thinks.

He's not going to say that out loud though, otherwise Steve's going to lord this over his head indefinitely.

Billy responds with a noncommittal hum, sparing himself the embarrassment. Steve doesn't press any further, yawning and settling himself into a curl on the bed. Billy's not feeling drowsy at all, gets off of Steve and instead opts to recline against the headboard. Steve reaches up and runs his hand through Billy's curls lazily, looking up at Billy with adoration painting his eyes.

"Mm, well, since you're so *secretive* about what you like about me, *I'll* pick up your slack for the both of us," he declares. Steve grabs Billy's left hand with his right, rubbing his thumb over the back of his hand tenderly.

Upon hearing this, Billy tenses. He's not sure if he's ready for Steve verbalizing anything about this -- *thing* between them, but he listens.

"I love your hair, how it's so fucking *gorgeous* in the light, how it feels when I run my hands through it. I love your soft, blue eyes, how you see right through me sometimes. I love how you put on a strong front, but *man*, you're allowed to feel vulnerable. But I also love how

you're not afraid to speak your mind about the shit I pull, keeping me in line when you need to. I love how you just – calm me, you know I sleep so much better with you around? There's much more I could say, *baby*," Steve says as he kisses Billy's hand, "but *God*."

Billy's face burns hot, and he can't help but look away for a second.

"There isn't *anything* I don't love about you," Steve finishes.

Billy glances back down, and he sees only truth and affection in those warm, brown pools. He can definitely place the rising heat that envelops his entire being; although unfamiliar, he *knows* what it is.

But he *also* knows that if he acknowledges it now, this unspoken thing between the two of them will transform into something he can't control. Billy doesn't want to relinquish his tenuous strand of stability *yet*, even though he would love nothing more than to broadcast to the whole town that yes, he's very much in love with one Steve Harrington and there's *nothing* anyone can say nor do to change his mind.

So he leans down, reciprocates with a kiss to the side of Steve's mouth, sensing Steve's blossoming smile against his lips.

"Think you picked up *more* than enough of the slack for me, baby," Billy breathes.

Steve's soft grin shines in the pale moonlight, and he lets go of Billy's hand, burrowing himself in the blankets.

"Course I did. Good night, Billy," Steve murmurs, eyes shuttering closed.

"Night, Steve," he answers.

Billy continues to watch the other boy until he falls asleep, feeling his gentle breathing on him before hearing it. While looking at Steve, thoughts of what was, what is, and what could be bubble in Billy's mind.

He *still* beats himself up over that night, when tensions rose so high that he took out his overflowing rage on the boy who would come to

hold his heart in his hands. Steve tells him he's long forgiven him.

He *still* thinks that that what they have now is either a hallucination or a dream soon to come to an end, that he doesn't deserve Steve's love after all he's done to him. Steve tells him every second they share is real and he wouldn't trade their time for anything else.

Billy doesn't yet tell Steve that he has thought about a life together *past* high school and *past* Hawkins, even. Steve, however, has asked him on occasion what he has planned for after graduation.

On some days, the idea of a future together with *Steve* is what keeps him going, and it simultaneously terrifies and grounds him. What they've got isn't perfect, but Billy would *absolutely* be willing to risk everything for the boy slumbering soundly beside him to make their – *relationship* work.

He allows himself this moment and reaches over, the back of his hand tenderly grazing Steve's cheek. He gently presses a kiss into Steve's hair, careful not to wake the other up.

"I think –," Billy starts.

"—no, I *know*," he amends.

"I love everything about you, too."

Author's Note:

Confession: I wrote this from like midnight to 6am literally running on coffee from 11am the day prior and the excitement of tackling writing again in such

a long time, but also I haven't watched s1 or s2 in a hot second so like. There's Bound to be OOC moments, heck maybe All of it is OOC but, I love soft boys so. Let them find comfort in each other?! anyways I hope you enjoyed!!

I usually draw and Once in a Blue Moon I write, come chat with me on [tumblr](#)!!